

THE CALEDONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., SEPTEMBER 1, 1840.

Vol. 4. No. 5--Whole No. 161

TERMS.—The *CALEDONIAN* will be published weekly at \$2.00 per annum, or at \$1.50 if paid in advance. If payment is made within six months, the time of publishing it will be considered as advance pay. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements will be inserted for the customary prices. Persons are requested to state the number of weeks they wish their advertisements published, otherwise they will be inserted till forbidden and charged accordingly.

Miscellaneous.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY H. W. LONG FELLOW.

The night is come but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little Moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the pale light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from the blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain,
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my soul there shines no light
But the pale light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars!

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whose'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O! fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong!

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The late eminent judge Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London:

"We live in blessings, till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the sources from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian hope is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in its holy, healthful parts, to the Gospel."

PRODUCT OF ONE ACRE.

One acre of land, well tilled, will be more productive, and far more profitable than several acres, poorly manured, and tilled after the fashion of many large landholders in New England. A farmer has no business with more land than he can cultivate to advantage. It is this principle were generally recognized, we should find fewer acres of barren and unproductive soil in this country. The Editor of the *Maine Cultivator* tells but one acre of land; but this one acre is so managed, as to yield an astonishing amount of produce; as will be seen by the following account:

"One third of an acre he devotes annually to corn—the long-eared, large-kernelled, eight-rowed yellow corn, that is not very early and not very late. With him, it has ripened every year for the last ten years that he has cultivated it. The soil makes rich. He applies it, before ploughing, at the rate of 18 or 20 cords of long manure to the acre, (or 6 to the third of an acre) and turns it under by the plough. He plants 3 1/2 feet apart one way, and 3 feet the other, exactly, by measurement with a line. In each hill he deposits either a shovelful of old, rotten, hog manure, or as much light manure as will not overstimulate the crop. From this third of an acre he has realized, on the average, for years, over 30 bushels of sound corn for grinding, besides a little pig corn for hogs in the fall of the year. This is as much corn as he needs in his family, besides a sufficient surplus for feeding one large or two small hogs. From the same land he ordinarily obtains some 2 or 300 pumpkins, which serve important purposes in the family, besides being an excellent article for boiling up with the hog's potatoes, giving a cow, &c. From the same land, too, he generally obtained all the dry white beans he has needed in his family to go with his pork, which he raises by the avails of his land, without purchasing of others. The corn fodder is carefully cut and cured, and helps as a subsistence for the cow. So much for one third of an acre."

A small portion of land is set apart for the culture of onions. Ordinarily he raises from 50 to 70 bushels on a bed, say half a dozen rods square. These he sells on the average at \$1 per bushel—any for \$60 per year. This purchases his flour and rye at common prices. So that from the first third of an

acre, and an onion bed, he raises all his bread—brown and white.

On two large beds, he grows generally about fifty bushels of mangel wurtzel and carrots. These are for the cow's winter provender. They more than pay for themselves in the milk and butter—to say nothing of the saving of hay and other provender. With a very little hay, together with the corn fodder and roots, a good cow (and he finds it economy always to keep the best) may be kept through the winter.

Potatoes, for summer and autumn use, are planted on the margins, and wherever there is a vacant chance for a hill; and a department is expressly devoted to them, large enough to raise all that are wanted for the table, and enough to spare for the hogs, &c.

So far relates to bread, butter, pork—and we might add, poultry.

Then the rest of the land is devoted to—too many things to mention here: beets, parsnips, cabbages, turnips, green beans, peas, green corn, cucumbers, melons, squashes—summer and winter sorts—&c. &c. besides fruits and flowers of various kinds: grapes, Antwerp raspberries, black dog currents—white, red, black and yellow; English and common gooseberries; and a few choice apple, pear, plums, cherry, peach and quince trees. All this is from a single acre, which he cultivates mostly with his own hand."

DISPUTED TERRITORY.

The Woodstock, (N. B.) Times says: "Captain Bronghton, R. E., Mr. Featherstonhaugh, Jr. and Mr. Wrightman, with a surviving party arrived here last evening, from head Quarters. After remaining a short time they proceeded en route to the Disputed Territory. We understand they will commence operations in the neighborhood of the Grand Falls, thence they will proceed to Lake Moitia and thence to Quebec. From Quebec they will proceed to the S. W. and will in all probability fall in with the American party that have proceeded up the Kennebec."

The following is the plan of operation of the American Commissioners, as announced by the Augusta Age. Two of the commissioners have arrived in Maine for the purpose of entering upon their duties. It is probable that some delay will be occasioned by the non acceptance of Professor Cleveland.

"We understand that the Commission will divide itself into three parties; one to proceed from the head waters of either the Connecticut or Kennebec, north easterly along the highlands; another to commence at the Bay of Chaleur, and proceed southwesterly towards the first party; and the third party to start from the Monument of Mars Hill and proceed northeasterly to the highlands, and also westerly along the highlands, alleged to exist, and claimed by the British Government to be the true treaty highlands.—In this way a perfect and accurate survey of the whole ground will be effected, and our government put in possession of all the facts, necessary to meet the new argument now made by Great Britain."

"Be guarded in thy words," said a Quaker to his son, "lest at any time they bear a construction thou dost not mean, and tend to thy disadvantage." A caution needful to all.

One case of yellow fever, and two of malignant, were reported at the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, for the week ending on the 1st inst. The Bulletin says: "The fact does not indicate the prevalence of an epidemic and ought not to produce alarm."

The estimated cost of construction of the contemplated Railroad between New York and Albany by the most direct route of 148 miles, is \$2,377,646. Including the damages for land, the cost of depots, engineers, &c., the aggregate will be about \$4,000,000. The Boston Daily Advertiser states that the Railroads from Boston to Albany, with their buildings and engines, &c., will not cost far from \$7,000,000.

The New Orleans Bulletin says that ten millions of dollars are paid by the people of the United States for iron—a metal which exists here in its crude state to an extent almost unlimited.

An old toper, in the last stages of the droopy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a witty little shaver) objected to this operation, saying, "Daddy, daddy, don't submit to it; for you know there was never any thing tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

A translation of the Bible is soon to appear in Philadelphia, in which the terms *baptize* and *baptism* are to be superseded by *immerse* and *immersion*. It is understood to have a numerous list of subscribers.

"*Ridicule* is the favorite weapon of vice. It is a weapon from which all men shrink with terror. Even few good men are willing to brave it. It is often successful in destroying the seeds of goodness in the minds of youth, and bringing a virtue into contempt. Beware of the man who laughs at virtuous deeds, or ridicules holy things."

YANKEE.—The Philadelphia National Gazette says: "We hold this proposition to be self-evident: That whatever it is the interest of a Yankee to undertake, he can execute better than any other mortal."

The editor of the Woodstock (N. B.) Times, gives circulation to the intelligence that the Marshal of Maine has actually commenced taking the census of Madawaska. He seems to feel very unpleasantly in consequence, and gives vent to his feelings against Maine in pretty strong language—and talks of imprisonment, &c.

NEW INVENTION.—It is said that a Yankee in the old Bay State, has invented a kind of music allock that he has attached to a cradle, hung on pivots. The pendulum rocks the cradle, and the musical department sings the baby to sleep. This cute labor saving machine, it is thought, will induce many wary bachelors to forego their celibacy, and venture on a series of connubialities. —N. Y. Times.

BLANNERHASSETT'S ISLAND.

A few miles below Marietta, we passed Blannerhasset's Island. We ran under the lee of it some distance, but the thick wood of the river obstructs any view of the interior. We saw no trace of the beautiful mansion of Blannerhasset, except a chimney at the north end of the island, which was all that escaped the fire in which that dwelling had been consumed. I hear, however, that the beautiful shrubbery still lives on the island, which was planted by Blannerhasset, and that many of the walks he laid out are now open.

Blannerhasset was one of the Irish patriots who were compelled to flee from Ireland after their attempt to liberate themselves from the thralldom of England. He was possessed of a large amount of property, the greater part of which he was fortunate enough to render available in money before his departure. Disgusted with the corruption of courts and turmoil of politics, he sought retirement in the western wilderness, on a beautiful island in the Ohio, then on the borders of civilization. He built a princely mansion on it, and embellished it in a most costly manner. Situated on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, he had access to very refined society, with which it was his custom constantly to intermingle and interchange civilities.

His hospitality was unbounded, and dealt out as it was by his own chivalric courtesy and the grace of his beautiful wife, his island became the general resort of all the country around, and it is even yet celebrated for the splendid revelries and entertainments of which it was the scene. Blannerhasset was a fine sample of a polished Irish gentleman, and rendered himself a very affectionate object of regard by the amenity of his manners and disposition.

His lady was a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, which were heightened by a pure and unimpeachable character. She reigned the Queen of this beautiful kingdom of taste and refinement, which Blannerhasset had created on the Ohio; and according to contemporary accounts, she deported herself with a grace and dignity that might have become a throne. She was a woman of high spirit and ambition, and when Burr, aware of her commanding influence over her husband, confidently entrusted her with his plans of Mexican dominion, she was fired with the boldness and intrepidity of his enterprise, and immediately determined to engage her husband as a confederate. Blannerhasset was a man of ductile temper, and was easily induced by the dazzling representations of prospective glory and honor which is ambitious wife set before him, to become a participant with Burr! He was moreover a liberalist of the French school, of which Aaron Burr was well aware. The gorgeous representations which Burr held up to him of Mexico redeemed from tyranny by their united efforts, fired his soul, and he entered with enthusiasm into what he believed and honorable and humane undertaking.

When once pledged to Burr, under the mastering genius of his wife, he actively engaged in enlisting men, building boats, and preparing the essentials of his expedition. Many of the most respectable citizens of the neighboring country were connected with the affair, and deluded in the same manner as Blannerhasset. The entertainments on the island were broken up, and its shores echoed only to the muffled oar of the conspirators, as they crossed from the adjacent bank, or to the tramp of bold adventurers, as they congregated on the beach to resolve and discuss their plans of Mexican redemption. A large number of flat boats had been built on the Muskingum, and sent over to the island, and every thing was ripe for embarkation, when the plot was discovered to the public authorities by one of the accomplices. Blannerhasset was instantly deserted by his followers, and left alone to brunt the scorn.—Timothy Buel, commander of the Militia, with a small detachment, went over to arrest Blannerhasset. He had hardly set foot on the island, before he was met by Mrs. Blannerhasset whose spirit seemed to rise with the increasing desperation of her fortunes. She had seen the party coming, and snatching up a pair of her husband's pistols, she ran from the house to meet them. Just as the militia major stepped out of the boat, she seized him by the shoulder, and thrusting him back, presented two formidable pistols full in his face, cocked and primed commanding him in the most positive tone, not to advance—one step forward, and I will send you into eternity; it is easier for me to do than say it, were her words, according to my narrator, who was one of the party. Her splendid figure drawn up to its full height, her eyes fixed with a strong and determined gaze, her hands clenched firmly the pistols which she held at arms length, told the militia major, in language not to be mistaken, the terms on which he might advance. The old fellow quailed and trembled before the courageous woman, and was forced to turn without his victim. Blannerhasset made his escape, and is now or was a few years since, living with his wife in poverty in France.

A REAL PETTICOAT HERO.

The Straightcut Harrisonian gives the following anecdote.

The following incident occurred not long since in an adjoining county. It was on the occasion of the numerous Whig conventions for which this year has been so celebrated. A portion of the delegates to this meeting passed by a farm-house, the owner of which was a Van Buren man, and the tenant a Whig. The tenants had reared a Harrison flag in front of the house. This offended the Vanite so much that he ordered her to take it down.

"I shall not do it," said she.

"Take it down, (said the land-lord,) or you and your husband shall no longer occupy my house.—It shall not be disgraced by having a Whig flag in front of it."

"You can do as you please, sir," said she, "but it shall remain there as long as I remain."

Upon that the Vanite commenced taking it down himself.

"Stop," said she, "you don't do that," and seizing a hoe, she commenced such a furious assault upon the poor Vanite, that he was completely "hoed out," and compelled to seek safety in flight.

A SURVIVOR OF BUNKER HILL.

One of the gallant aids of Gen. Warren at Bunker Hill, we rejoice to learn, survives, in the enjoyment of a green old age. The Albany Evening Journal of a late date furnished an interesting sketch of the life of this veteran—Nathan Maynard—who now lives at Seneca Falls. Judge M. was born in Farmington near Boston, in August 1755, and is therefore in his 85th year. He was one of the early settlers of Oneida county, after the war, where he has held various public trusts, and was ten years a judge of the county courts. A son, John Maynard, is now a member of the State Senate. Having joined the provincial army in 1774, near Boston, in the memorable battle of Bunker Hill it was his fortune to be placed in a situation to give a more interesting and graphic account of the thrilling incidents of that day probably than any other man now living. He was aid to General Warren, and he it was who carried the order from the commander to the officers of the several regiments of the American army "to withhold their fire until the firing should be commenced in the centre," by order the General himself.

The following account of the action is from his own lips as published in the Journal: Col. Prescott took possession of Breed's Hill the night of the 16th of June, 1775, and threw up a breast work of earth which they called a Fort. On the morning of the 17th, at daylight, the British discovered the work and commenced a heavy cannonade from their shipping and from Copp's Hill. Col. Prescott was reinforced in the course of the forenoon by the regiments of Colonels Brown, Nixon and several others.

Gen. Warren who had been appointed by the provincial authorities of Massachusetts a General but three or four days previous, arrived on the ground about the middle of the day, he was in citizen's dress and was on foot, as were all the provincial officers; he had not taken command by virtue of his newly received commission, but the several Colonels insisted upon his at once assuming the command and directed the movements of the day. The British troops were at this time landing and forming in order of battle. Gen. Warren had no military staff, & required the services of some one to transmit his orders, and Col. Brewer recommended to him his fellow townsman, Mr. Maynard, who was young, active, and had been long enough in the service to be well disciplined.

Young Maynard accepted the invitation of Gen. Warren to act in that capacity, and repaired with him to the centre. The General immediately directed a breast-work to be constructed by doubling a post and rail fence, and filling in with hay which had been mown the day before.

In the meantime dense clouds of smoke rising above Charlestown communicated the awful intelligence that the town had been fired by the enemy, and added in exasperating the American troops for the bloody fray that was to follow. The breast-work was completed to within thirty rods of the fort occupied by Col. Preston, when the men were forced to quit the work and seize their arms.

The British advanced slowly in two columns, and when the whole were plainly in sight, Mr. Maynard carried the order from Gen. Warren to Col. Nixon, who lay on the Mystic River, to reserve his fire until the firing should commence in the centre. Returning to the General, he was directed to carry the same order to Col. Prescott and the other officers along the line.

The breathless silence along the American entrenchment was now only broken by hoarse words of encouragement and direction from the officers to the men. The British advanced to within ten or twelve rods of the American works where they fired and commenced displaying their columns to form a line. At this moment General Warren gave the word "FIRE!" On the instant the whole breast work was in a blaze, & a report like prolonged thunder, rolled along the line. The enemy were thrown into disorder, and were unable to form their line: few successful well directed fires compelled them to retreat, which, though hasty, was conducted in good order.

Gen. Warren ordered a cessation of the firing on account of the scarcity of ammunition. The ground occupied by the advancing columns was nearly covered with the dead and wounded who lay in heaps as they fell across each other. The wounded raised their heads in imploring attitudes, but neither their friends nor their foes could afford them relief. But few of the Americans were killed or wounded in this attack.

All was still as the grave until the front of their columns had passed over all their dead, when the American General, without waiting for the fire of his enemy gave the word that was to consign hundreds to instant death. This fire was even more destructive than before, and the enemy retired in some confusion. The ground was literally covered with the dead. The British fired but few shots, and those did but little execution.

The British now received further reinforcements, and a general officer from Boston, and advanced a third time, not in column, but in line. They again marched over their dead, and a brisk firing commenced on both sides, which lasted nearly an hour, until the firing of the Americans died away for want of ammunition. The British then undertook to storm the fort. Gen. Warren sent a reinforcement of about sixty men to Colonel Prescott, and sent Mr. Maynard to inform him that he would send more men if he wanted them. Col. Prescott, at first thought that he had as many men as could stand to advantage, but deemed Mr. Maynard until the result of the enemy's first attack should be known. The enemy scaled the embankments with their bayonets. The Americans had few bayonets, but fell upon the foe with the breeches of their guns, knocked them down with cobble stones, seized and wrested their guns from them and turned their own bayonets against them. Prescott was every where encouraging his men, and joining in the general noise, and shouted with his hoarse voice, "down with them—seize their guns—knock out their brains with stones—cobble stones are our cannon shots," &c. &c. The British were driven on a second time with great loss, a third time they advanced to the attack, when Col. Prescott discovering that the provincials had been driven

from the bay breast work, and that his retreat would soon be cut off, ordered a retreat. The retreat now became general, but was conducted in good order. Mr. Maynard was not with Gen. Warren when he fell, having been detained in the fort with Col. Prescott.

Soon after the retreat commenced, (Mr. Maynard found his elder brother John (the father of John Maynard of Syracuse) with a broken leg and a British musket for a crutch, making the best head-way he could from the enemy. He threw his wounded brother across his shoulder, and carried him amid showers of bullets beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, where he flinched from loss of blood; a ball passed through his leg, and the blood flowed profusely; the bullet holes were plugged with wads of grass; the wounded brother was again shouldered and carried to Bunker Hill, nearly a mile from the battle ground on Breed's Hill, before help could be obtained. His unfortunate brother was soon cured of his wound and served through the war and before his close was promoted to the rank of captain.

Napoleon's Wounds.—Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds—one a deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign in Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons thought, for some days, it would be necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded it was always kept a secret in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmuhl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers who were close by, seized and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress." "Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Col. Mearns, my aid de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaim 'Vive l'Empereur!' —From 'A Voice from St. Helena.'"

Mr. VAN BUREN has not yet answered the questions put to him by his friends in Illinois. —We do not believe he will answer them. The questions were put to him in June last.

We hope the men who have questioned Mr. Van Buren will persevere. When the questions are answered, if they ever should be, we advise them to prove Martin Van Buren to be a republican, if they can, to explain why he opposed James Madison and the war! Why he endeavored to restrict the right of suffrage and prevent Revolutionary soldiers from voting!—why he has lashed the peoples money upon gorgeous furniture for his palace, for GOLD SPOONS, for GOLD KNIVES and FORKS, for \$75 LIQUOR STANDS, &c.;—and why he has increased the expenses of the Government from THIRTEEN to THIRTY SEVEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS a year! These are all pertinent inquiries.

THE PRINCE OF CASINO (Lucien Bonaparte) died at Viterbe, on the 29th of June, at the age of 66. He was the second brother of Napoleon, and born in 1775. Exiled from Corsica in 1793, he took part in the several phases of the French revolution, till he was created Minister of the Interior under the Consulate. He was subsequently ambassador in Spain, and employed in various confidential missions, till quarrelling with Napoleon about his second marriage, he separated himself from politics. He was taken prisoner by the English off the coast of Mahon, and fixed his residence at Lindlow where he was much respected. At the peace of 1814 he went to Rome, but returned to Paris in Napoleon's escape from Elba. After the final overthrow of his brother he retired to Italy, where he passed the remainder of his days, devoted to literature and the fine arts, and was much respected in private life. —N. Y. Commercial.

COST OF PAINT.—Some years ago there lived in Berkshire county, Mass. two physicians of considerable skill and eminence. One of them, used no spirituous liquor—the other drank freely, and while the one had acquired considerable property, the other remained poor. Meeting each other one day when the former was returning from a distant town with a richly painted and well made carriage, the latter accosted him; "Doctor—, how do you manage to ride in a carriage painted in so costly a manner? I have been in practice as long and extensively as you and charge as much, but I can't hardly live and drive in the old one." "The paint on my carriage," he replied, "didn't cost half as much as the paint on your face."

PLEASANT.—We were conversing a few days since with an officer who served two campaigns in Florida. Among other curious events, he related that being one of an exploring party during an excessive drought the officers and men suffered much for want of water, the ponds, small streams, and springs, being nearly all dried up—and it was deemed a great luxury to skim off the green and putrid surface of the stagnant pool, and quench the thirst. On more than one occasion, the troops spied a small puddle of thick water, in the center of what was, during a moist season, a large pond, and after driving out of it one or more huge alligators, who were taking their comfort, they drank the impure liquid with a gusto not easily described!